

## [Portuguese Fisherman]

W. Mass. 1938 - 9

12/39/38 [?]

Name: Alice Kelly

Assignment: Portuguese Fisherman

Topic: 2nd Interview with

Manuel

"No, I ain't been so good to-day. When the weather she's damp I don' feel so good. But I don't care, I saved my boat. You ain' never heard about that? Well, I can' tell you alla story to-day, becaushe I don' feel so good. But it was like thish. The boat shecwas she was sink in' an I seen she wash goin' an' I feel like my arm she wash bein' pulled off orc somethin'. So I thinksh quick the engine! An' I pull her out an 'eave her overboard. Cost plenty, but the boat she can ride now. I save her.

Sure I wash burned. I wash burned somethin' fierce. Hands fash, I was damn near cripple, but anyways the boat she's saved.

Thatsh somethin' you writers you can' unnerstan'. How we feel about the boats. You write a shtory, mebbe you don' sell. so what? You get up the mornin', you write another. But the boatsh means money. Means savingsh. Means something gone you've known long time.

Anyways now the boat, she's all right again. Was worth it what I did.

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I see all-the boatsh is in. They mostly comes back for Christmas Chrishmas . I don' know if I can go out t'is Christmus Chrishmus like always, but I want to. You know how it ish weeth us? Night before Christmus Chrishmus we go roun'. Any house where they's lightsh we go in, weesh the family good fiesta. Drink a little wine, talk about ol' times an' the ol' country. Very happy. When I wash young man I could go sometimes twenty thirty houshes one evenin' An' get up for mass at five nexsht mornin'. Never no head nor nothin', but now I'm gettin' on.

Sure, I ain' but feefty-five, but thatsh not so young for fishin'. I had it hard all my life, never reshted, never fooled roun'.. always work, work, work. Out all weathers, up t'ree, four in the mornin' winter an' summer. .gets your bonesh after 'while.

My ol' man, he fish till he was ol', all bent over, I can fish, but can't go roun' to the Charmeritas like the ol' daysh. Can' drink too much, keep up. The boy, he does for me!

Sure, it hurts when I move, little bit. It 'sh the damp. I'll be all right when the sun shines. No, ma'm, she won' clear to-day. Nor yet to-morrow. This here'sh a Nor'easter, good for t'ree daysh anyways. But me I like a good shtorm even when I don' feel so good. The sea she's alwaysh full of surprisish. She looks pretty one day an' next minute she getsh mad an' blowsh like hell.

3

Sure, I'm goin' out again. Fishin' out o' Chatham nex' week. An' glad to go. The season ain' been so good. Prices been down, so we gotta do double work, make up.

Look, when you come next time, I'm gone tell you all about how I saved my boat. Gone tell you about Portuguese namesh, an' some the things we believe about the sea, like signs an' all. I'll tell you about the ol' country, too.

No, I don' wanna go back. Oh sure, for vishit, but I like it here. The kids like it here. Jeeze! if they live' in the ol' country they'd know how good they got it here. Young peoples here

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they got it sof'. Get good money an' schoolin' an don' work hardly at all. Was different when I wash a boy.

Look, I don' feel so good on account o' the damp. But you come back, I tell you shtories you won' hardly believe. Not many knows the ol' shtories now, but I get thinkin' sometimes about all them things my ol' man tol' me, an' how true they was. He hadn't no book learnin'.. Couldn't read nor write hardly, but he wash wise! I didn' pay so much min' when I wash young. Like my boy here he don' think the ol' man knows nothin'. He'll learn, like the rest of us. Learn the hard way.

Well, come again, Glad to tell you anyt'ing, only to-day, I don' feel so good." 3 12/29/38 [?]

Name: Alice Kelly

Title: Living Folklore

Assignment: Portuguese

Fishermen.

Topic: Interviews

with Manuel

"You ask me las' time we talk did the Portyguesh Portuguesh an' [lankee?] fishermen get on. Well, it's like theesh. Now we get on good, but there was time when there was a lot o' trouble. I mind one time I feesh offa the Banks. That's real fishin', offa the Banks! An' listen, there ain't no men can fish like the Portugueesh. You ask anyone, they tell you! Well, thees trip was all Portugueesh, only the skipper an' two, three guys shipped outa Boston.

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This skipper hees name's Mike Murphy. Not Portuguese I think you admit! But he likes us fine an' he's good guy. He knows fishin'. An' he's always glad to sign on the Portuguese. On thees trip I'm speakin' about, we got out the harbour an' the Yankee guys begins passing remarks. I don' understand all they say, see? But one thing they call us, they call us 'ginks'. ginks.' They keep on sayin' it. 'those ginks, they'll say'. say.' Well I ask the cook, 'What is that, ginks?' An' he says, 'I dunno' but if you want stop 'em, I'm weeth you, Mannie. An' he picks up his cleaver an' we go up and speak to them an' after that, there wasn't no more trouble, that trip.

2

The skipper he was on our sides because he know we was the best fisherman an' he needed us. It's like this, see? The Yankees they fish to get money enough to go ashore, run shops maybe, or do business. The Portuguese he don' like that. He fishes because he wan's to. Because he don' want no boss. One time I try stay ashore couple yearsh. I had a good job on a yacht. Good pay the besht o' everythin', but I didn't like it. I wanted to be independent, see? Not say theesh / 'yessir' an 'nossir' alla time. The Yankees they don' mind. They run stores, they work for bosses, an' they don' care. But the Portuguese, he's always a kind of a independent feller.

Of course the skippers are like bosses kinda but it's not the same. An' then you work you can be skipper yourself. I been captain now for a long time. My son, he'll be captain someday, too.

I feesh always on trawlersh. It'sh hard work but I don' never get tired. Makes a man hard that kind o' work. The trap boats, they got the bait, that ain' no work. Ain' fast enough for me. I like to fight. Fight wind, an' col' an' weather. I don't feel the col' no more.

A while ago I come in from fishin'. I come up onna dock, an' Jeez! I wash dirty. Stand all night clean fish an' it was dirty weather the whole / trip after firs' day. Well, up onna dock the win' she was blowin' like sixty. I take off my shirt, fill a bucket o' water an' I give

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myself a good wash. Feels good! But they's some city folks come down onna dock an' they couldn' get over it, how I shtood there wash myself 3 weeth no shirt an' the win' blowin'. Say, the win's my friend an' the water, I feel at home. Inna house I'm like a big bull. I don't fish so much any more. I'm gettin' on an' I was burned bad. I'll tell you about that some day. But I miss it when I don' go out.

I like to hear the boy talk an' my frien's, they come in an' they have mebbe a little wine an' we talk.

[Heeze?], if I can't feel a boat under me I wanna die. I don' want to run no store, say 'yessir' an' 'nossir' to no man. But that'sh why Yankees aren't such good fishermen. They hearts ain' in it.

If I can go out in my boat an' bring in a good catch, I'm happy. I wouldn' change weeth no man. look, don' you ask no questions from the Yankee fisherman becaush they don' feel nothin'. You come to me. (We?) Portugueseesh we're independent like I said, but we're glad to oblige. Like to help you out any time.

Rec'd Jan 6, 1939

Assignment: Portuguese Fisherman

Name: Alice Kelly

Subject:

Interview with 'Manuel'

"I'm figgerin' on goin' home. Yessir, back to th' ol' country. Ten yearsh now since I seen it an' I'm sure figgerin' on goin'. It's gone be one [theshe?] excursions, see? Forty dollars for fare. That's cheap enough, ain't it? In nineteen forty, Thatsh when the excursion she takes place. I'm takin' the wife and the boy there. None the children ain' never seen the islands

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nor Lisbon either. All my peoples comes from Lisbon but moved to th' islands. An' the wife she comes from th' islands.

"Yes, ma'm. It'll sure be nice to go home. On'y stay a month but I'm lookin' forward. Like I told you I come over here when I wasn't only a young man. But I was already good fisherman. Me an' my four brothers we all fish an' my father an' his father. That's all business there wash back there, on'y maybe marketing an' like that. Fish mos'ly with 'ooks back there. Some draggin' but mos'ly with 'ooks. Its pretty back there. Everybody cheerful aller time. Don't hurry like here.

"Sure, the boy he's fish. He's good fisherman. The Portuguese boysh they do more like th' ol' man. Of course some of 'em get these ideas to High School. Don' do 'em no good's I can see, but don' do em no harm neither. Lots a these Americans they tell me their boys is in town, got jobs here, got 2 jobs there. Me, I like have the boy on my boat. Teach 'em what I know. The Then I know where he is. What he's doin'. The boat she'll be his when I go, see? It's good for 'm know how to 'andle her.

"Yes ma'm. The burns is some better. It wash great luck fer me didn't burn no muscles. Jeeze! I sure come near lose my boat. Like I tol' you I just fixed her up nice, new paint, clean 'er up. ever'thin'. Then I wash put in 'hole new engine. Well Sir! I need some tar so I got her in a bucket, heat up onna fire, see! Firsht thing I know she ketches.. goes right up. My boy he shout to raise the dead. I grab the 'stingisher an' let 'er have it, but tar she burns terrible.. stinguisher don' do no good.

"I see I'm gone lose my boat. I holler at the boy an' at the other men. They refuse go below. You can' blame 'em. The flames she's comin' up red. But she's my boat so what could I do? I go down. I grab the tar bucket, throw her overboard.. Throw over some parts the engine..take blankets, stamp out flames.. Anyways I save my boat. If she'd went was alla my life woulder been gone, too. Alla my work ever'thing.

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"Yes ma'm, it hurt pretty bad. But I don' t'ink she'll leave no scars. I was out fishin' again las' week, but I wasn' no good. My hands she swole all up. Drive you crazy..a big catch an' I couldn' do nothin'. But I was glad get out in the boat again. Oh sure, I'll be out again 'nother week, maybe two.

3

"I been writin' about this excursion. They got nice boat, fine trip. It'll be somethin' for the boy. An' me, I still got some folks over there. I'm gone right away the place I was born, twenty mile' outer Lisbon, then the islands. I'm figgerin' on goin' sure.

"o' course I may have bad luck. Two three bad seasons, I couldn' go. But forty dollars she's reasonable. Yes, ma'm, that's real cheap trip. So I guess I go pretty sure.

"Yes ma'm a month back 'ome. Sounds pretty good. An' after that? W'y of course I come back 'ome again."